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I'm afraid that I've loaded myself up again a little bit more by suggesting to the two groups which are being formed in Holland to send their tapes and it's very bad in this case because I cannot delegate them. It was quite a good trip -- a little busy, and here and there a little disappointing. So, instead of talking about what was disappointing, I'll tell you what was good.

Two things stood out. One was the effect of having two meetings and talk about Gurdjieff. One was in Utrecht, the place where my sister lives and where I was born, and the other was in Amsterdam, at the home of a friend. Tom can tell you more about it from his standpoint because he couldn't follow everything that was being said becuse much was in Dutch. And in the beginning in thinking about it, what would I do, mix it a little bit, or try to stay strictly to the Dutch language, or assume that everybody would know English anyhow. And the difficulty, of course, arises from the fact that when it becomes a little bit technical and you are apt to use phrases with which you are familiar and you cannot immediately translate them. So that was a little bit of a task of trying to stick to a thread in the talk without having to think too much about how to translate into another language, which, of course, for me was not as familiar anymore. But we talked for an hour and a half each meeting; as usual, I didn't

leave much room for any questioning, and there are two reasons; one was that I didn't think there was any particular need for it since necessity required actually a resumé and a certain perspective about Work, about Gurdjieff, about the ideas in general; and the other is that they were not very familiar with what even Gurdjieff meant or a few had never heard of the man. Although some did know alittle bit and they had been receiving for the last year some tapes from here. So, they not only had that kind of information, but they had bought All and Everything, and In Search of the Miraculous has been translated into Dutch, which was a very good thing, and the translation of that is really quite right. So, in order to study up a little bit bout the particular kind of a language I had to peruse it to get familiar with terminology of consciousness or conscience or words like that. How and what is the really right word to be used in that language. It's rather difficult to know if it was effective or not, that is, I may from my standpoint assume that I have the right translation, and they may not have understood it the way it ought to be meant. But that is really neither here nor there.

Because the main thing is that there is a group now, sufficiently in number -- probably the first one will start in Amsterdam and to which some of the people from Utrecht can go. It is not too far away and they will have tapes, they will

read and they will talk, and when Dutch people start to talk, you can expect an avalanche. So, as I say, there will be a little additional work but I think it is very good. Because then I will have to translate something into another language--you really have to think twice about what is the meaning so that you catch it correctly and this thinking process slows up, maybe, the speed at which you can talk. And at the same time it gives you much more proportion, you might call it, in a certain speech.

They listened. They were interested. There was enough attention paid to it. A little bit of questioning here and there, and a little bit of generalities which always help before you have to go into the detail of what is meant by Work, and to translate Work on oneself is very difficult, at least in Dutch it is. I say that is one of the high points and the other was organ.

I mentioned before I went that I hoped that it would be possible for me to play on the organ in the Dom Church in Utrecht, which, of course, was very familiar to me since I had been listening to it so often, and every once in a while as children we climbed up, because we were kind of friends of the caretaker of the church, and touched the organ and heard a sound, and it was always a great joy because it was forbidden. So here I come into the church and the thing that

struck me tremendously was the height of the ceiling because I remember it more or less, but like many things in a city where you have been brought up, when you get older and you see then the proportions again, you start to realize that when you are quite small that distances are great. When you get older they get shorter and shorter. For instance, I remember our house was very close to the Dom tower -- the tower of the church. This time it looked as if it was just a couple of paces away from it. But when I got in the church it was just the opposite. I had forgotten how high it was. And it was beatiful because it is a simple Gothic church. No particular fuss. Very -- almost cold and austere. But exactly because of that the acoustics in the church were beautiful. The best way to hear it is to be there, of course, in the church. It's not the best way to hear it when you play because the bench is in between a row of pipes in the front, and the pipes in the back and those you can hear. But there's always a difference between left and right, and they are faced with three key-boards and a foot pedal and with a row of stops on the left side and the right side, each key board having about ten different stops, so there are four rows each of ten -- that's forty -- and another forty on the other side. You have a choice and it takes some time before you get used to it and I don't think that I am used to it at

all. It was simply a trying very much like experimentation of something naturally that I wanted to do because the organist that I remember at the time was really a very musical man, and he played always after church because for church he didn't have much particular desire to be present when the minister was speaking. But whenever he was called by a buzzer, then he appeared and of course, dutifully would play what was needed. But then, when he had said -- when the minister had said 'Amen', and everybody was blessed, then he could go to town -- and while everybody was leaving the church, the sound was just reverberating all through--through the whole church, and the (naves?) - particularly the one in the back. It's quite interesting how sounds go and how they travel and although I think that when an ear hears them, an ear has an ability of selection and sometimes you need not hear what you don't want to hear. And that is quite obvious when you have a recorder or a microphone that doesn't function that way at all. And all the sounds get on to that particular tape and when you hear it, you don't hear the rebouncing -- you might say, the reverberations -- because it seems to blend much better. But on the tape you do hear it. Now, to some extent you can say it's very strange because the tape is also music. So, you could hear then what was being played and you should have exactly the same effect because both are sound. But that is

(.....?) the psychological effect is (different?). When you listen to a tape, you don't have the surrounding, you don't have the visual part of a church, or an atmosphere, and it's exactly that psychological effect that enables a person to become selective with his ears of what he wishes to hear and with a tape it isn't there. As a result, you will hear on the tape reverberations of notes that have reflected to the walls and the ceiling and come down and then again are recorded in connection with what has been going on a little bit further with the following subsequent notes, and sometimes it sounds as if the organ is false. And there is an additional reason because bass pipes are very long, and they have a very low - as you know - vibrating rate. Sixteen foot they call it, for the Bourbon, for instance -- diapason..diapason is eight. Bourbon is a sixteen. It's a big pipe. And this organ is entirely mechanical except the bellows which fortunately are now pumped by means of a motor. It used to be different, and that was my recollection and to some extent I would say I missed it. But it has made it a little bit more convenient because it could become independent from anyone else and when the organ is turned loose, I was all by myself. Fortunately, upstairs sitting on a little bench facing three keyboards and not daring to use the foot pedals, not as yet at least, every once in awhile, particularly for, for the bass. But there

were couplings - the keyboard can be connected, and you could couple the foot pedal to one of the other pedals - to one of the other keyboards. And there was one that connected all three. And then when you press down one of the notes, you really have to press. This, of course, is an advantage and a disavantage. You have to have very strong hands in order to play an organ of that kind. It is mechanical and it always requires much much more energy to press a key down instead of having electronically it being transferred, you might say, to the pipes by means of electricity. The disadvantage is that if you want to play a little bit in the piano technique on an organ which is mechanical, it's an utter failure because you cannot get the keys down fast enough and it is extremely difficult even to make a melody on it in any kind of a speed, and it brings out really the fact that the organ was not meant for speed.

An organ is meant for the kind of sounds that will go through the church at a certain pace and very quiet and very sustained and very much flowing over from one into the other. And it doesn't matter if it is one or two notes. It may be a whole row of notes - a full chord. That particular speed should not be increased too much to get the full benefit, but when you have a base note, it takes time before the pipe is warmed that some air ought to go through. And as a result

the base notes are always a little later than the treble. And when with the treble you were a little too fast, and you struck the next key, it would of course become cacaphonical. One has to learn (at times?) for that and many many other reasons it was very difficult because I would say years will have to go by before one will have enough feeling for an organ of that kind. It's very old. It is so old that all the keys are yellow. All the keys are worn off. They are at the edges absolutely not sharp any more, but there are big hiatuses in it. Even several of them have a hole itself. That is in the little ivory that is worn off, and it is at least one quarter of an inch thick.

So you can understand a little bit what kind of an atmosphere an organ of that kind produces when you sit in front of it and you are faced with having to play what perhaps so many generations, or at least many other people have played at that same place before, and that fills you at times with a little awe. Who am I to sit here - to try even to get some decent sounds out of it. It is more this kind of an inner experience I would say that became important. As far as the notes are concerned and the music itself, I don't think it is worth very much. It is very much experimental. Still we can listen to it, and make up for it a little bit by using the acoustics of the Barn. But in any event, there they are

as a proof and of course, you understand that when I play I cannot regulate the recorder - so as a proof that someone was there, you can turn to Tom who was at all occasions the engineer.

We tried it at different places in the church. You cannot put the recorder or the mike close to the organ itself. It won't pick up the sounds and, moreover, the church has the sound that comes from the organ, and before it's returned to the ears of a person, it has gone through all kinds of channels and reverberated into all different directions and reflected, and that makes the beauty. Because when you stop, and it is noticeable, of course, on the tape, when you stop, it sings. And it sings through at least for half a minute which is a long time. The experiences I have had with the organs here whenever I happen to have played was always so deadening that as soon as you lift your fingers from the keys, everything stops. The sound is finished. Particularly with the electronic organ. When you don't touch it --no sound. This way the church takes care of it. It was a simple, simple organ. It was a good organ. The weaving out of the keys helped and sometimes made it very difficult and the mechanical contrivances - each key connected with different (black?) sticks so that when you touched it, it was also the sound like chop-sticks--it rattles. You couldn't hear it

because of the sound of the organ itself -- but when you played you could become quite conscious of that. And that together with the strength which once in a while was necessary---can you imagine, for instance, a full chord of ten fingers? it does requite a little bit of energy. Some of the higher keyboards, the top one, had fortuneately a couple of good selections. VOX CELESTE, VOX ROMANA, a TREMOLO and on the left side a clarinet, and there was also a wood flute which has a beautiful sound. It was lovely to play that and it was very difficult to stop--for sometimes you feel that you ought to have a little bit of everything - so, immediately after a little bit of sentimentality, then you get the forcefullness of a full choir. It makes it interesting, perhaps a little tiring. So that was the church of my youth.

It's not so easy to say what kind of feelings one has with this, aside from the fact that you don't realize that there is something like a dream which then comes true. And when the organist is the kind of a man who really feels for that organ, he is already the third one in the generation after the one who I happened to know, who has, of course, has died. Still, his feeling, he does not want to change the keys, he does not want to make it modern, he believes it is necessary to keep it intact, as you keep an old house intact when it

has been lived in, and even when the roof may be leaking a little or that the beams are a little bit disjointed and there is a certain curvature in the roof. You keep it. There is a little house where the Czar of Russia used to live when he was in Holland and he wanted to learn something about windmills. So, in that section of the country, in (Z.....?dom) there happens to be the old house where he used to live and that also deteriorated gradually, so the Dutch (economical) people as they are - built another house around it and so it is now protected. I had that same kind of a feeling in sitting there and touching what was for me, at least, antiquity. And it's interesting how it starts to work then for oneself. And that when you hear a note, it is not that note anymore. It's a whole history that is really behind it. Many times as an exercise in Work we were given a task of looking at an object and to try to see where it originated, out of the raw materials with the production, with whatever methods they used in order to make that particular article until it finally reached the place where it had been bought, and then was put away somewhere on a shelf, or for use in a household. This was to illustrate historical time, as if one could see in the object the whole world of that object as it had unfolded during the time of the process of the making of it. It's a form of telescoping time to see

certain things of great variety in one. We talk about it in an ordinary time length when you telescope time as it is between two points. And then if one can get away from it sufficiently far, you reach a state of objectivity regarding that time. And when the time has been reduced to the point, then it has lost the value of time and the dimension is gone. When one tries this historically, it not only telescopes time, this time even in a little different way, but it gives you an addition of something of a place-where does one belong and where does one's life belong -- where is it in the totality of all lives which have been manifested on this Earth -- or perhaps at that time in that particular place where I happen to be and where I happen to think about it, how many generations before, how many still perhaps to come, the history, the old pictures, how it used to be, how the Dom tower was connected with the church, how it was destroyed and built up again, and again destroyed by fire, and finally it was left the way it was, probably because they didn't have money and the church is separate and the tower is by itself and has in the last 20 or 30 years been restored to its original beauty so that now more than ever it towers over the rest of the city, industrialized as this place of Utrecht is now, and almost spoiled. It hurts to see too many cars in many streets which are too small. It hurts your ears to have a motorcycle

with a very special kind of a noisy engine pass by.

But you see, I was quite young when I was there. And then there was a certain intimacy which at the present time one fails to feel. Not in the cities. It isn't there anymore and it will never come back. THere is always in a small city a little central where the houses are kept together if they possibly can, but also they simply cut through it and they destroy it. Holland consists of two kinds of things: the industrialized age which in Holland is very apparent, terrible houses they build, a certain style, architecture which is recognized by the society for art as perhaps being beautiful. In reality, most ugly. And then the other side, that is in the country where there is just a little church tower sticking up above a couple of trees and the village is there, very good farms, good farmhouses, all this-- the barn connected with the houses so that probably both the animals and the people could profit by the warmth of each other. But of course, it made it much easier and also perhaps a little bit more primitive. But they are still there--the flatness of the land, the continued flatness, water, particularly in those sections where the soil is quite a bit below the sea level and about two-fifths of the country is below sea-level, and the constant struggle against water and to have to keep on pumping out, pumping out all the water that collects with

the rain -- otherwise it would inundate the polder land. And still they continue to do it because it happens to be very good soil. The big things they do undertake as a nation - there is activity -- there is not too much laziness. There are projects which are very much worth while. Projects of the Zeiderzee, gradually being regained, and a little bit of a lake will be left in time. The Ysel Lake, but before it was Zeiderzee, actually inland, but at least big enough. But you see, the struggle that was necessary to dike it in and then to pump it out, and then to let it rest for at least six years because the salt has spoiled the soil. And still they will continue so that now it bears fruit and it is beautiful land to look at. I wouldn't say that I would go back. I feel to some extent still very much like them. To some extent, of course, I know a little bit what they think. And it is interesting that when one is there for a day, then your thoughts become Dutch. You hear it on the street, of course, you pick it up, it goes in your ears, you can't help that. And gradually little sentences start to stick and for no rhyme or reason as you walk on the street you start to think in Dutch and you repeat what you have heard. Sometimes the voice is quite high, a little shrill at times, and then when you walk and you hear that in your head, you say 'I am losing my English. I ought to be careful because it will be worse

now when I come back. It's bad enough already to have an accent. But it's much worse if I can't find the word anymore.'

And so I am still in a mixed state - part of my thoughts are still Dutch colored and part is already getting back again into the old framework. The bad things I will not tell. Difficulties very much like you have had, difficulties this last week and the week before. Disturbances, many times psychological disturbances of the Earth in general, of people in general, and of the very great risk of hysteria. Also that was in Holland. Also that was my particular fate in connection with a variety of different people I happened to meet. And many times I thought of all of you here and what you were doing. A quiet week, but what a week. And Work. And also disturbances. And I'm quite certain it was not easy. But we'll talk about that a little later because I have something very definite to say to all of you. I think that Tom and I when we came back from the plane, we had a crazy notion of chartering a plane sometime in the not so far future and kind of invade Holland and to check up on their group and to see if they are doing alright and that they don't make too many mistakes. To the future of that kind of Work in Holland.

You remember that Friday evening whenever there is something that has to be discussed regarding the Barn, that we do it on this evening. Since there is no more Group II, I cannot

do it there. Group I will already know because I will say similar things Saturday and Sunday. Gradually there will be some changes. It's not only in the nature of it, but it's sometimes a necessity that is brought on by the general behavior of people. The saying you know, if you get enough rope, people will hang themselves. When a certain amount of freedom is given and allowed, one hopes thst the freedom will be used in the right way. When I leave, for instance, on a little trip for two weeks, I hope that when I come back that there will be enough substance left that has carried over. When I got back last night there were five different things that affected me a great deal and it was not right. Things that had happened. Things that in unconsciousness simply were allowed. Things that perhaps with a conscious person could have been prevented. But since we are not conscious persons, the prevention has to come from some other place. And that certain amount of freedom is not understood and you must realize that what I will say now is for the benefit of all.

I will say more and explain more also tomorrow morning. The Barn is a place where people come to Work. We have said thb many, many times. You have to understand that something of themselves is involved. You have to understand that they come there for physical work so they don't come on crutches.

When they are sick, they stay away. The Barn, as you know, is also for grown-ups. Children are tolerated only to the extent that they don't interfere with this aim of Work and I would like to spell it out to you. The aim is Work...is for an average person. There is nothing very special about it. It is not even necessary that you know any particular kind of a trade. You come there to exercise your muscles -- to give your body a chance to do certain things which it is not accustomed --/when powers higher than you are assert themselves, you go out of their way. (fire engines roar by) You come there with a body that is willing to Work. You come there with a mind sufficiently intelligent that you can control it. You come there, above all, with a correct feeling. Now, in the past that has not always been the case. Certain things have taken too long. They were not understood in the beginning, perhaps. There is still an atmosphere which I do not like and which comes out every once in awhile by stupidities which are committed, not in the name of the Barn, but simply because people are unconscious and they don't think. And they don't even consider.

In the very beginning, you remember, how I emphasized that the Barn is in a certain section of the country where people are conservative and where it is required as a manifestation of the Barn and the people there to conform to certain rules. I thought it was well enough understood. Someone made

a remark that the Barn is like putting up something in an enemy country -- very much the same as when you try to create something in your brain, the surrounding brain is antagonistic. Logically it is based on misunderstanding, but you don't always have time to explain and many times certain things are just judged by appearances. None of this what has happened, and some of you know and some don't --and I don't pay too much attention to what you now know or not know. I know enough about what is needed and from now on there will be a different attitude on your part. You come there, almost I would say, with a serious face - not that I have objection to any kind of hilarity - or even humor, perhaps a joke, but you are there for a purpose, and that purpose is there. There is a photograph of Gurdjieff. If you have forgotten it, go and look .... and then come back to your work and then remember. And you do simple things. Sometimes you don't know what to do - still you do it because you try - and all the time your attitude is the wish to grow and the wish to Work. This is the freedom that the Barn will give so that gradually the community will understand that we are not their enemies, but that there is an aim for all of us and that that aim becomes apparent when we are there and when we work.... abd no maybe about it.

There are two things. One is absolute forbidden to have or take any drugs by anyone who comes to the Barn. This

means everybody. I do not make any exceptions. No one comes to the Barn who is still in the habit of taking drugs. And you know what I means by drugs -- it includes marijuana, even if sometimes it's considered not too serious, I consider it serious. All the other things I consider also very serious. Whoever wishes to indulge in that does not mean that they could not have the right attitude towards Work. Wishing, by means of Work, to free themselves from that past. It's not only a danger, you become a slave and you are worse than an animal. An animal at least selects the food and when it is rotten it doesn't eat it. Those who take drugs STINK. I say it as clearly as I can because there is nothing to do with ruining your health - that, of course, you do and anybody would know this - whenever a chemical enters into your -- your physiological body, that something has to take place and it's got to be eliminated and it is not that easy for the body to do that. And that in place of that when you do take it, you have a few moments or a little bit of something that you do make a trip. The HELL with that. You understand what I mean. Now, you will lie to one. I know that. It's your Goddamn tendency still because you have fear. I will tell you that I will know. I will also know those people who will in honesty tell me and tell on those who take drugs still. In a few cases when there is a Group II which is now

divided and where now the responsibility rests with a few people, it is up to such people to allow you in a group or not. My advise it not to allow you until you have proven that you want to fight against it. It is not just anything. It is a serious matter. This is the one thing that will help you in your appearance. It will also help you to have your mind on the physical work you have to do. And again, I repeat, I will not make any exception.

We are skirting every once in awhile on thin ice. Every once in awhile there are little indications from the community that they are not as yet convinced that we are not their enemy. It takes quite some time for the 'I' to grow before the rest of the brain will accept it and then it will take some time before the rest of the brain will consider the 'I' a friend. And they will still go through that same kind of a process with the Barn. Alive as we may be, and willing as we are and unconscious as we all admit we are, but for that reason you cannot as yet stand the freedom.

The second thing is - I do not wish anyone to look like a hippie. And it's not because I have a prejudice against such people -- far from it. I've said it many times, every once in awhile exactly that kind of a revolution - that rebellion - is correct when it is directed against certain forms which are too conservative, even to live in and to live by.

But the Barn is a different thing. We have to prove still that we are above-- Above - not even on the same level as par.

Sometimes there is misunderstanding when a stranger comes and asks what we are. I have given the answer many times and it is only one answer and I wish you would now imprint this on your memory. The Barn happens to be my property and I own it and I provide for a few of my friends to come and work there physically for their benefit. .. to profit by it and you might even say, for me to profit by it since they build and I get that kind of work done for nothing. But you need not explain that to any kind of a man who does come around and makes inquiries. I would like to have this remark written in your conscience so clearly that you are not going to mix it up by saying "Yea, we study Gurdjieff. We have a club. We have this...we have that, a pottery, etcetera, etcetera..." Please understand it. It's all my property. There isa standing I have to maintain for the sake of Work. I do not wish the name Gurdjieff to be misused. Gurdjieff has a meaning in my life. Not only that, I admired him but he gave something to me and to many others and he has to be reverred, esteemed...His name as well as his ideas and it is not and I say it again, a laughing matter. So I don't want anything that has the appearance of something else

to be mixed with the name Gurdjieff or the Barn. Those who have too long hair -- cut it. (Have in..?) your appearance that what is an honest workman. Nobody will object to working clothes. Nobody will object when it is a hot day that you take off your shirt. I'm not talking about that. I'm talking about the attitude. There is an emotional posture in this kind of Work and that you have to learn when you don't know it. And when you are not going to that kind of a school - then you flunk. And I will tall you if you are allowed to stay or not. Again, I will not make any exceptions.

So, you understand now what I have in mind. You understand now on what basis we continue. You see, once in awhile, I sit and I think a little and I see this and particularly when you are some thousand miles away and you look a little bit more objectively about Work and you start to consider this and that. And I consider it and I consider my life -- how do I spend my time? Am I spending it responsibly? Am I spending it with an attempt to behave like a man? Am I spending energy, money, sometimes your money, for a purpose that is worthwhile for me even to spend my energy on and to continue. And then when you sit and think and look at the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, and the thoughts can travel very far and they are not disturbed by the storm and the wind, and they are not disturbed by hysteria. But they are

very clear sometimes. Where are we? Where are we at? What are we doing? Does everybody really understand that little bit of something that is needed for the maintenance because I know well enough how difficult it is to Work, and I do not blame anyone for thinking that they cannot Work as yet -- because maybe every once in awhile you geta a little bit upset. But I'm talking about when you as an ordinary - very ordinary human being who comes to the country where there is a certain conservatism and who comes to the country in order to grow and to use the particular atmosphere for himself - selfishly. You must understand these things in the proper sense. I'm not over critical at all. That is why I will always start out by giving freedom and each person must gradually develop his own conscience. No one has a right to affect anyone -- at least not permanently - until such a person has the freedom to do what they think is right. And this is the point where you have to come -- that you consider that what you are doing right in accordance with you conscience for which I now set up a few little indications so that you know where to steer your course. So that you will not run afoul or aground. So that you don't want to be shipwrecked. Do you? And you don't want to defile the ideas of Gurdjieff. But it has to do with the development of you own Self. For once, be absolutely honest. Just try to be. I will help you

to be honest until you are, and then you can go from there until the end of the world whenever you wish without even sending me a note or a letter or to let me know or to telephone. You're on your own. And I will be very, very happy to let you go. When there is no bondage to Earth, there is absolutely no bondage to me. I just wish you to know what I think a man ought to be -- and there is you picture. To some extent I have a right to allow you when you are striving towards that, then I can say 'Yes, let him come. Let him be there. Maybe he can even be an example to others; and I have a right to tell you. 'Stay away for some time until you come to grips with the problems of your own.'

And a little addition. Several of you are now making attempts to put up shop -- or to live in Warwick and to become professionally engaged. You see it extends also to that. People will judge you by your behavior and don't spoil it now. There is a great chance of spoiling it. When there are too many people in a house and it looks a little loose and there are men and women and maybe sometimes it is a little hilarious. And again, I say, I'm not judging you in the least. But the little channels of gossip are very fine and extend exactly like your blood vessels reach the skin of yourself. And so these little things sometimes without any coherence and seemingly quite separate events, they have a little bit of a habit of joining and attracting each other almost magnetically

until they finally reach like a full (.....?) the ears of someone who happens to be a little conservative. Or the newspaper which is always interested in writing the kind of stories that excite even the people in Warwick. And you understand now what I mean. To the Barn and the people as it should be. We'll wait (Ralph?) If we only could say that to the fire engine, huh?

It's not that I want to give with one hand and take it away with the other. One is so easily led to believe that after you make a strong statement you shoud make it a little less so as not to hurt people. You know, quite frankly, I don't mind hurting you at all. I think it gets to be time that really the 't's' are crossed and the 'i's' are dotted. There is absolutely no reason to be wishy-washy when it comes to the possibility of growth. Either the conditions are right and all factors that influence it are right or there is something wrong with the gardener. Here you have your experiments for your own life psychologically correct and you agree with it. That is that you agree that all the factors have been considered and that you have determined with your brain beforehand what kind of conditions are needed because about that you have to be very clear that that is actually what you want. You have your life in your hands. I've said many times that you can take it and you can have it. It's

all your own and you don't have to give it away. You can keep it as long as you wish and you can cherish it. You can embellish it. You can love it. You can do anything you please with your life. It does not mean that the way you are and whichever way you wish to live that that fits everywhere. This is the one consideration you must make. That with all the freedom you have for yourself, you are still living as if God is with you. That you can get free very often from the rest of the world, for sometimes you don't need them at all and then, of course, you can tell the world to go to Hell. But it's another question with your conscience. And there are only two ways. Either you listen or you kill it. But when you listen, you must be sure that that is your conscience and not just because someone else happens to tell you.

I told you a few things. That you can take or you can leave it. I do not care. That is my mind. And with my heart, I care hundred per cent. I would go to the end of the world to tell you certain things based, you might say, on experience of what I happen to know a little bit because I'M a little bit older and maturer. And that when I tell you certain things like this and I make a rule and my heart says 'do you really wish that?'. And my mind is strong enough and it says 'yes' and then my heab will give in because in these cases my mind is superior. When the mind is conscious

it is superior to your conscience. But when your mind is still wishy-washy, your conscience is the only guide you have. The development of your Kesdjanian body comes first, and then comes your consciousness and your Soul. You prepare for your Soul by means of your feelings. And that is why in ordinary life you have to grow with your feelings because your mind will not help you enough. It will oppose you and your mind will read into things certain things that are not there because the mind is so damned clever that it wants to accept certain things almost as if you want to keep a conflict within yourself and make it much more difficult than is necessary. Life is so simple. You just do. You just do the best you know how. At certain times there may be then a question, and sometimes something is a little stronger, and then you say "what is my real feeling about it?" And you must do that to follow it, to know it. That way. You make mistakes -- without any doubt. But how will you know? Someone else might point it out to you, and sometimes a little prematurely. And sometimes you don't want the opinion of someone else. You want to find out for yourself and perhaps you wish to burn your fingers so that you won't forget and once and for all you say 'no' to certain things that you do know then by experience.

We talk many times about Life, about that what is needed in Life in order to make your life worth while and to give it

actually that coloration that becomes worthwhile from the standpoint of being able to take it or leave it. That is to be objective or subjective -- at the wish -- when you wish to be one or the other. Then you can be both and that will be the ultimate solution. That one introduces into one's ordinary existence something of an objectivity which then starts to work and then to see if it is heterogeneous or homogeneous or what you have to do in order to make a fusion between the two. That is your task. It is your task. Your conscience stirs it. Your mind puts it together and your body will eat it. But at what temperature and under what pressure and under what conditions of moisture -- how much sunshine, how much tears in your eyes, how much of that quality that you know for yourself to exist and sometimes doesn't even want to come out because you are afraid and ashamed and you want to -- you want to keep it because you think it's so precious. Ultimately, nothing is precious in you -- than only one thing - your life. All the rest disappears. All the different experiences disappear. They are nothing in front of the light from your consciousness and the heat of your conscience. Nothing of your manifestation will continue - form and no form. The problem is always - where is this form that I call 'my life?' And I say formless and what is left and what you learn about form in life and to be able

to say I do not need now the form and I will try for a little while without it and to see where it will get me. Many many ages ahead of you, you will find out that life can stand by itself - strangely enough - that it doesn't need a form, that it is all penetrating and that we make the mistake all the time to identify life with the form. If you only could see it. If you only could see that that what we are now walking around in this kind of a body is only there because life is there and by itself that body and your mind and your feeling is nothing else but a little bit of a cloak. To go down to whatever it is that you call your center, whatever is the quality of ether that you could get accustomed to by actually living that as a result of life wishing to be manifest in that ethereal quality. Life wishes - strange to say that it wishes - Life is and then wishes to continue to exist - simply because there is never any question about dying. We manufacture that because we are dependent on the body now. Sometimes the form, if something is poured into it will leave a little coating on the inside of the form. Much of that - just that kind of sustanance remains after death, (or the?) the reality of life disappears. That what can remain carries your name. And it will continue to exist because life exists in it. But you still have your problem - to erase your name - to be free from that what so-called you are. That is why this question of body selfishness, this question

of real sacrifice - of being able to lose your life - as you now know it - to find it as you don't know it - that is, by itself, that what is and all the rest happens to be useful material for the manifestation of that what is God.

When I say these things, you try to think about it - what is it you wish, what are you going to do? Do you carry your life in your two hands - carry like a precious, a vase, alabaster, to make it more transparent. Once and for all, try to have done with the ordinary affairs of life. You can do it. You can do them, but <u>from where</u>? Try to see what is simplicity because that is on the road to finally throw away the form of yourself. That is why relaxation is important - because it reduces the activity of the manifestation to a minimum and what remains could be you - it still is you with that name and when you die you continue to have that name somewhere and you can be called upon. Someone can call you to communicate what is the life hereafter, and to help you and also that after some time has to disappear so that no one can call you anymore. You are out of reach. You are already fusing. You are already losing all contact and then you are everywhere - without a name - but everywhere. And all and everything is in you - everywhere and then, that is bliss, for which there is no opposite.

Have a good week-end.

Marjorie C.